

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Demet.* Chiron thy yeres want wit, thy wit want edge,  
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,  
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

*Chiron.* *Demetrius*, thou doost overweene in all,  
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,  
Tis not the difference of a yere or two  
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:  
I am as able, and as fit as thou,  
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,  
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,  
And plead my passions for *Lavinias* loue.

*Moore.* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

*Demet.* Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)  
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,  
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?  
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chiron.* Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,  
Full well shall thou perceiue how much I dare.

*Demet.* I hoy, grow ye so braue? *they draw.*

*Aron.* Why how now Lords?

So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,  
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?  
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,  
I would not for a million of gold,  
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.  
For shame put vp.

*Demet.* Not I, till I haue sheathd  
My rapier in his bosome, and withall  
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,  
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

*Chiron.* For that I am prepard, and full resolute,

Foule

*of Titus Andronicus*

Foule spoken Coward, that thur  
And with thy weapon nothing d

*Moore.* Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike  
This petty brabble will vndoo v  
Why Lords, and thinke you not  
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so  
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,  
That for her loue such quarrels  
Without controulement, iustice,  
Young Lords beware, and should  
This discords ground, the musick

*Chiron.* I care not I, knew she  
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the w

*Demet.* Youngling learne thou  
*Lavinia* is thine elder brothers hop

*Moore.* Why are ye mad? or kn  
How furious and impatient they  
And cannot brooke competitors  
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot  
By this deuise.

*Chiron.* *Aron*, A thousand death  
To atchieue her whome I do loue.

*Aron.* To atchieue her, how?

*Demetri.* Why, makes thou it so  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be  
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lo  
What man, more water glideth by  
Then wots the Miller of, and easie  
Of a cut loose to steale a st iue we k  
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperou  
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* l